

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebelle Cade do finde thee out.

Say. My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me,
And therefore with your highnesse leaue, Ile stay behind.

King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say:
Come Madam, let vs go.

Exit omnes

*Enter the Sord Skayles vpon the Tower
walles walking.*

L. Skayles. How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them.

The Lord Mayor craueth aide of your honor from the Tower,
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Lord Sk. Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither will I send you Mathew Goffe:
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your liues,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

Exit omnes.

*Enter Iacke Cade, and the rest, and strikes his sword vpon
London stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this City,
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,
That the first yeare of our reigne,
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
And now henceforward, it shall bee treason
For any that calles me any otherwise then
Lord Mortemer.

Enter a souldier.

Soul. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade. Zounds knocke him downe.

They kill him

Dicke. My Lord,

Ther's

Yorke and Lancaster.

Ther's an Army gathered together into Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them,
But first go on and set London-bridge a fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come let's away.

Exit omnes

*Alarmer, and then Mathew Goffe is slaine, and all the rest
with him. Then enter Iacke Cade a-
gaine and his company.*

Cade. So firs, now go and pull downe the Sauoy,
Others to the Innes of Court, downe with them all.

Dicke. I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it
For that word.

Dicke. That we may go burne all the Records,
And that all writing may be put downe,
And nothing vsed but the score and Tally.

Cade. Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things shall
be in common,
And in Cheapside shall my palphrey go to graffe.

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent
Lambe parchment should be made, & then with a little blotting
ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe.

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say tis their waxe, for
I am sure I neuer seal'd to any thing but once, and I was neuer
mine owne man since.

Nick. But when shall we take vp those commodities
Which you told vs of.

Cade. Marry he that will lustily stand to it, shall take vp these
commodities following: Item, a gown, a kirtle, a petticoat, and
a smocke.

Enter George.

Geor. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which sold the Townes in France.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou Buckrum
Lord, What answer canst thou make vnto my mightinesse, for
deliuering vp the Townes in France to Mounfier bus mine cue,
the Dolphin of France?

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